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Chapter 1 by Mettaton The Fabulous (Working at Bone Brothers pasta)

The cold, endless night air stood still ,as if it were a deer listening for dangers, or me listening for a breath or a footstep. But since I reside in the "Underground", the home of us "monsters" since humans basically banished us to Mt. Ebott, there really was no way to tell if it was day or night, nobody seems to care either. Being a member of the "Royal Guard" isn't very eventful, unless you count UNDYNE constantly on edge interesting.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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